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286

DIGITAL
EDITION

TODD
MCFARLANE

JASON
SHAWN
ALEXANDER

SPAWN®



MCFARLANE



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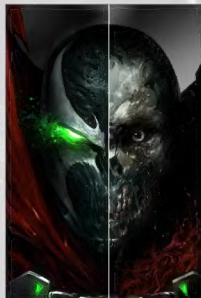
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SPAWN CREATED BY
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PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

AI, seemingly dead, is put on the autopsy table and doctors try to remove Spawn's mask, but they are unable to do so. All of the sudden, Spawn sits up gasping for air. He shocks the people around him. They throw AI/Spawn into solitary confinement trying to get him to talk, but he stays silent. The authorities try again after they hire a lawyer to defend Spawn, but he still refuses to speak. Spawn is taken to the head warden who decides to throw him stark naked into a special sector of the prison, thinking it will break him. But what the warden doesn't know, is this was Spawn's plan all along and it is exactly where he wants to be.

THEY SHUFFLE
TOWARD HIM....
SILENTLY....
INTENTLY....



...SLOWLY CLOSING IN
UNTIL THEIR BREATH IS
FELT UPON HIS BACK.




RELAX,
GENTLEMEN.



THE FACT THAT
THIS NEW PRIS-
ONER IS NAKED
ONLY RAISES
THEIR ANXIETY.





THAT'S RIGHT,
LET'S TAKE HIM FOR
A WALK, BOSS. HE
NEEDS A WALK. WITH
JUST US.



YOU TOUCH HIM
BEFORE WE DO,
JEROME, WE GONNA
PAY YOU A VISIT.



BOSS-MAN
PROTECTS HIS
BITCH. SO, ALL
OF YOU CAN GO
F*CK YOUR
MOTHERS!

YOU'RE
JUST JEALOUS
HE *DIDN'T*
PICK YOU.



JEROME,
COME! THAT'S
ENOUGH.


LAUNDRY

YOU GOT
CLEARANCE
TO GO IN
THERE?



NOT
YET.

LAUNDRY



BUT WHY ELSE
WOULD THE WARDEN
BRING A NEW FACE
HERE? GIVE ME THIRTY
MINUTES. AND DON'T
LET ANYONE IN.



YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING PRETTY UGLY TO GET YOURSELF THROWN IN HERE. BUT BEFORE YOU THINK ABOUT ACTING LIKE A TOUGH GUY-- WHATEVER YOU DID--IT AIN'T ANYTHING CLOSE TO THE UGLINESS MY GROUP OUT THERE HAS DONE. UNDERSTAND?

SO AS MEAN AND BADASS AS YOU MAY HAVE BEEN IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD, YOU'RE NOTHING IN HERE. AND YOU'LL DO ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING I TELL YOU. GOT IT?

SINCE YOU'RE ALREADY NAKED WE CAN SKIP THAT PART.



I GOT THE LIGHTS. GET HIM IN THE MOOD FOR YOU, BOSS.

CLICK



NOW, ON YOUR KNEES.

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.



THE IMPACT
BREAKS FOUR
RIBS, KNOCKING
HIM SILENT.



IN THE COLD DAMPNES, THE SPAWN-CREATURE
TURNS TO ANOTHER PREY. THE ONE THAT HAS BEEN
HIDING. AND NOT JUST HIDING IN THE SHADOWS
OF THIS RUST-COATED ROOM, BUT THE ONE THAT'S
THE REAL 'POWER' IN THIS PRISON YARD.

YOUR
TURN,
JEROME.

oh my
god

please



I SWEAR...
I WASN'T
GOING TO DO
ANYTHING.

YOU THINK
I'M AN IDIOT?
THAT I DON'T
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE?



I DO.
SO, LET'S
CUT THE SHIT.
BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOING
TO TELL ME
WHAT I NEED
EITHER
WAY.



BRAVO,
HELLSPAWN.

I'M
IMPRESSED
YOU'VE MADE IT
THIS FAR.



IT WAS EASY.
YOUR SERVANTS,
THEY PRACTICALLY
PAVED MY WAY HERE.
YOUR PROBLEM IS,
I'M NOT THE SAME
SPAWN YOUR SIDE
THINKS I AM.

AM I
SUPPOSED
TO BE
SCARED?

YOU BE
WHATEVER
YOU WANT. BUT
YOU'RE DOWN TO
TWO OPTIONS
RIGHT NOW.

YOU AND
YOUR "BOSS" CAN
GO BACK OUTSIDE AND
TELL YOUR GROUPIES THAT
YOU PUNISHED AND BEAT
ME, AND WHATEVER OTHER
LIES ARE NEEDED TO
LET HIM KEEP HIS
LEADERSHIP.

OR YOU
CAN GO OUT
THERE AND TELL
THEM I'M IN
CHARGE AND I
JUST KICKED
HIS ASS.

AT WHICH
POINT NEITHER OF
YOU WILL SURVIVE
THE WEEK. BECAUSE
THEY WON'T FEAR HIM
ANYMORE. THAT'LL
MAKE BOTH OF YOU
EXPENDABLE.

BUT
BEHIND
CLOSED
DOORS... I'M
IN CHARGE
FROM NOW
ON!

WE'LL
DO IT YOUR
WAY... FOR
NOW.

BUT
THIS WON'T
LAST.

SPAWN
LEANS
IN ON
JEROME:

"THEN, I GUESS,
I HAVE TO SEND
A STRONGER
MESSAGE."

LIGHTS
OUT!
EVERYONE!

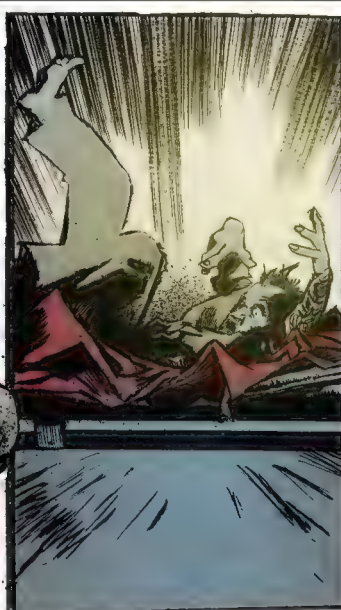


THEY
BELIEVE
OUR STORY--
I KNOW THEY
DID. SO, STOP
WORRYING.

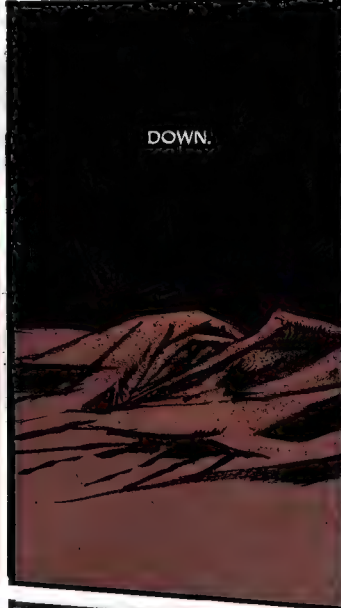
THAT'S MY
PROBLEM. I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
THINGS IN THE
MORNING, WHEN
I'LL REMEMBER
BETTER. YOU JUST
GET BACK TO
YOUR CELL.

I'M NOT
WORRYING. I'M
THINKING. TRYING
TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT WE NEED
TO DO NEXT.





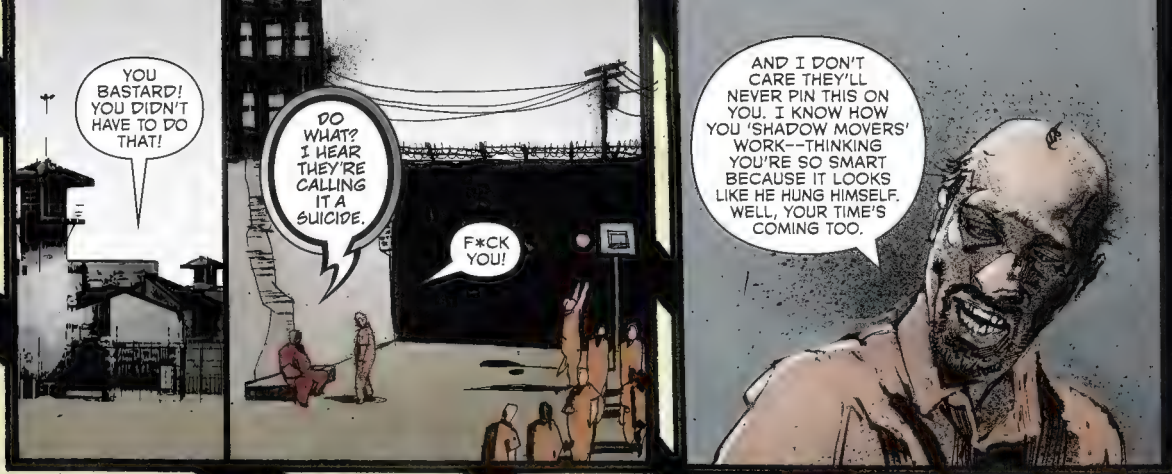
THE HARDER HE
STRUGGLES, THE
FASTER HE SINKS.

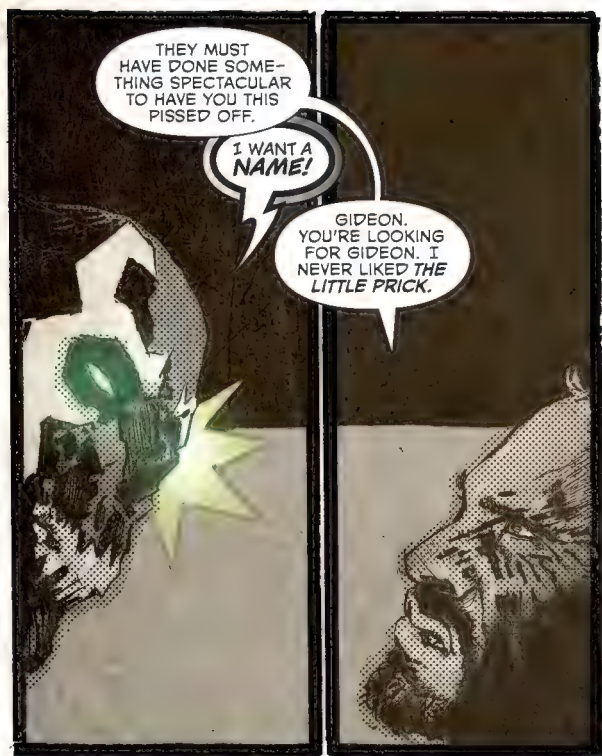


DOWN.









JEROME'S SCREAMS
WILL ECHO THROUGH THE
CORRIDORS FOR NEXT
THREE HOURS WHILE
BRIBED GUARDS WILL
IGNORE HIS PLEAS.

I KEPT TELLING MY
WARDEN HE WAS MAKING A
MISTAKE, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN.
I TOLD HIM YOU NEEDED THE
"SPECIAL" FACILITY, BUT HE THOUGHT
YOU NEEDED TO SPEND TIME HERE
FIRST. THOUGH, GIVEN THAT OUR MOST
SAVAGE AND REVERED INMATE
SUDDENLY CHOSE TO END HIS
LIFE A FEW HOURS AFTER
MEETING YOU...

THAT
SEEMS QUITE
COINCIDENTAL,
DON'T YOU
THINK?

AND I HATE
COINCIDENCES. IT
MAKES GETTING TO THE
TRUTH THAT MUCH
HARDER.

SO, IF YOU'LL
FOLLOW US, I'VE
MADE OTHER
ARRANGEMENTS
FOR YOU.

THEY WALK FOR TWENTY MINUTES, MOSTLY DOWN LONG CORRIDORS AND HALLS THAT SEEM TO HAVE BEEN DUG DEEP INTO THE EARTH. NO ONE IN THE PARTY UTTERS A SYLLABLE, AND THE CLANGING OF BOOTS ON STEEL STAIRS AND FLOORS GIVES A SENSE THAT A RHYTHMIC THUNDER IS FOLLOWING THEM.




YOU MUST BE ONE HECK OF A THORN IN SOMEONE'S SIDE, BECAUSE I KEEP GETTING CALLS FROM DEPARTMENTS I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW EXISTED.



AND I'VE BEEN HERE TWENTY PLUS YEARS.

BUT I TOLD THEM--TOLD THEM ALL, I'VE DEALT WITH THESE TYPE OF "SITUATIONS" BEFORE.





CAN'T ALWAYS SAY
WE END UP WITH POSITIVE
RESULTS, BUT COLLATERAL
DAMAGE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A
PRICE WE PAY FOR WAR. BECAUSE
IF WE ARE TO PROTECT THIS
COUNTRY FROM THE DANGERS
OF ERRATIC DICTATORS, IT'S
INCUMBENT THE UNITED STATES
USES EVERY OPTION
AFFORDED US.

BUT BEFORE
I SETTLE YOU IN--
I DID RECEIVE A CALL
THAT SEEMED TO INDICATE
THAT YOU MAY ACTUALLY
HAVE A LONG LOST
ACQUAINTANCE DOWN
HERE TO KEEP YOU
COMPANY.



LET ME
RE-INTRODUCE
YOU.

THIS IS ONE
OF OUR OLDEST
VISITORS. I BELIEVE
WHEN YOU KNEW HIM,
HIS CODENAME WAS

**OVERT-
KILL**

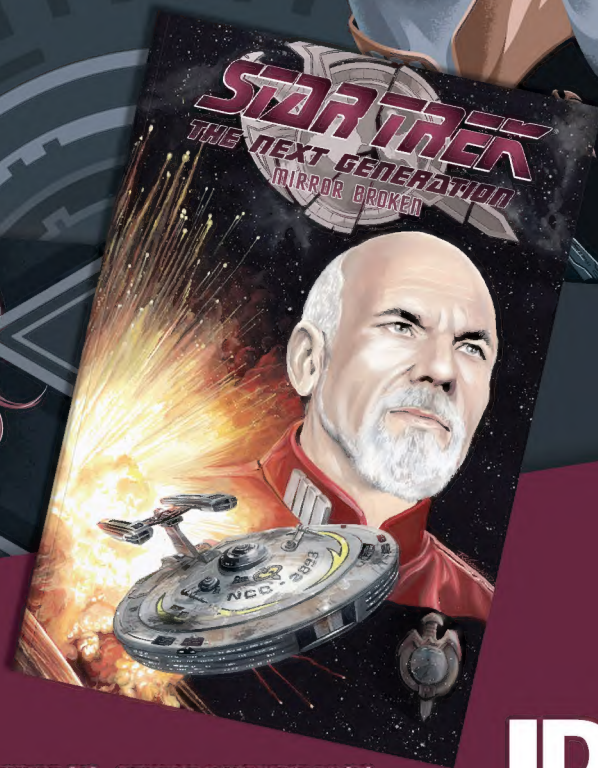


STAR TREK

THE NEXT GENERATION

MIRROR BROKEN

TRAVEL INTO THE
DANGEROUS "MIRROR,"
MIRROR" ALTERNATE
REALITY FOR THE FIRST
TIME WITH THE NEXT
GENERATION CREW!



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